GILL MORICE

1568/1016
(8)

To which is added,

THE CRABIT CARLINE

Stirling, Printed by C. Randall.

1568/1016.(8.)

GILL MORICE.

Tune—Anna's Urn

GILL MORICE was an Earl's Son, his name it waxed wide,
It was not for his riches great, nor yet his meikle pride.
His face was fair, lang was his hair, in the wild wood he ſtaid;
But his fame was by a fair lady, that liv,d on Carron-ſide,

Where will I get a bonny boy thatwill win hoſe and ſhoon,
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha', and bid his Lady come?
Ye maun rin this errand Willie, and ye maun rin wi' pride,
When other boys gaung on their feet, on horſe-back ye ſhall ride.

O no! O no! my Maſter dear: I darna for my life:
I'll nae gae to the bold Barons, for to tryſt forth his Wife.
My bird Willie, my boy Willie, my dear Willie, he ſaid,
How can ye ſtrive againſt the ſtream, for I ſhall be obey'd.

But, Oh my Maſter dear! he cry'd, in Green-wood ye're youre lane,

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Gi'e o'er ſic thoughts I wou'd you red, for fear you
ſhou'd be ta'en.
Haſte, haſte, I ſay, gae to the ha', bid her come here
wi' ſpeed.
If ye refuſe my high command I'll gar your body bleed

Gae bid her tak this gay mantle, 'tis a' gowd but the
hem;
Bid her come to the good Green-wood and bring nane
but her lane.
And there it is, a ſilken ſark, her ain hand ſew'd the
ſleeve,
And bid her come to Gill Morice, ſpear nae bauld Ba-
ron's leave.

Yes, I will gae your black errand, though it be to my
coſt,
in ye by me will not be warn'd, in it ye ſhall find froſt
The Baron he's a man of might, he ne'er could bide to
taunt;
As ye ſhall find before it's night, how ſma' ye ha'e to
vaunt.

Now, ſin I maun this errand rin, ſae fair againſt my will
I'ſe mak a vow and keep it true, it ſhall be done for ill.
And when he came to broken brigs, he bent his bow
and ſwam:
And when he came to graſs-growing ſet down his
feet and ran.

And when he came to Barnard's ha', would neither
chap nor ca';
But ſet his bent bow to his breaſt, and lightly lap the
wa'.
He wou'd tell nae man his errand, though twa ſtood
at the gate;

But ſtraight into the ha' he came, whair great fouk
ſat at meat.

Hail! hail! my gentle Sire and Dame! my meſſage
winna wait:
Dame, ye maun to the Green-wood gang before that it
be late.
Ye're bidden tak this gay mantle, it's a' gowd but the
hem;
Ye maun gae to the green-wood, e'en by yourſell
alane.

And there it is, a ſilken-ſark, your ain hand ſew'd the
ſleeve:
Ye maun gae ſpeak with Gill Morice, ſpeer nae
bauld Baron's leave,
The Lady ſtamped with her foot, and winked with
her eye;
But a' that ſhe cou'd ſay or do, forbidden he wadna be

It's ſurely to my bow'r-woman. It never can be to me.
I brought it to Lord Barnard's Lady I true that you
be ſhe.
Then up and ſpoke the wylie Nurſe, (the bairn upon
her knee)
If it be come from Gill Morice, 'tis dear welcome to
me.

Ye lied, ye lied, ye filthy Nurſe, ſae loud's I hear you
lie:
I brought it to Lord Barnard's Lady, I true ye be nae
ſhe.
Then up and ſpake the bauld Baron, an angry man
was he?
He's ta'en the table with his foot in flinders gart a' ſee

Gae bring a rope of yon cleading, that hangs up on he pin
And I'll gae to the good green-wood, and ſpeak with your Leman.
Now bide at hame, now Lord Bernard, I warn you bide at hame;
Ne'er wyte a man for violence, that ne'er wyte you wi nane.

Gill Morice ſits in good green-wood, he whiſtld and he ſang;
O what means a' yon folks coming? my mother ſhe tarries lang.
And when he came to good green-wood wi meikle dole and care,
It's there he ſaw brave Gill Morice, kaiming his yellow hair.

Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice, my lady loo'd thee weel,
The faireſt part of my body is blacker than thy heel:
Yet ne'ertheleſs now Gill Morice, for a' your great beauty,
Ye's rue the day that ye were born, that head ſhall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his truſty brand, and ſtute it on the ſtrae,
And through Gill Morice fair body, he's gard cauld iron gae.
And he has ta'en Gill Morice head, and ſet it on a ſpear,
The meaneſt man in a' his train, has got his head to bear,

And he has ta'en Gill Morice up, and laid him across his steed,
And brought him to his painted bow'r, and laid him on a bed.
The Lady sat down on the wa', beheld baith dale and down,
And there she saw Gill Morice head, come trailing to the town.

Far mair I loe that bloody head, but an that bloody hair,
Than Lord Barnard, and a' his lands, as they lie here and there.
And she has ta'en her Gill Morice, and kiss'd baith mouth and chin
I once was fu' o' Gill Morice as hip is o' the stane.

I got thee in my father's house, wi' muckle sin and shame,
And brought thee up in good green-wood under the heavy rain.
Oft have I by thy cradle sat, and fondly for thee sleep
But now I'll gang about thy grave, the sa't tears for to weep

And first she kiss'd his bloody cheek, and syne his bloody chin,
Better I loe my Gill Morice than a' my kith and kin
Awa', awa', ye ill woman! an ill death may thou die,
Gin I had kend he'd been your Son, he'd neer been slain for me

Upbraid me not my Lord Barnard, upbraid me not for shame,
Wi' that same spear, Oh pierce my heart! and put me out of pain.

Since nothing but Gill Morice head, thy jealous rage could quell;
Let that ſame hand now take her life, that ne'er to thee did ill.

To me no after days nor nights, ſhall e'er be faſt or kind,
I'll fill the air with heavy ſighs, and greet till I be blind.
Enough of blood by me's been ſpilt, ſeek not your death frae me;
I rather it had been myſell, than either him or thee.

With waeſu' wae I hear your plaint, ſae ſair I rue the deed.
That e'er this curſed hand of mine, did gar his body bleed,
Dry up your tears my winſome Dame, you ne'er can heal the wound;
You ſee his head upon my ſpear, his heart's blood on the ground.

I curſe the hand that did the deed; the heart that thought the ill;
The feet that bore me with ſuch ſpeed, the comely youth to kill.
I'll ay lament for Gill Morice, as gin he were my ain
I'll ne'er forget the dreary day, on which the youth was ſlain.

THE CRABIT CARLINE.

I darena gang again to ſee
My bonny bly theſome laſſie, O

Her angry mother ſcolded me,
And ca'd me poor and ſaucy, O.

The lovely creature grat wi' ſpite,
Her looks confeſſ'd ſhe lov'd me, O.
The angry auld wife ſair did flyte,
And raſhly diſapprov'd me, O.

Ae night as on the green we ſtray'd,
Sae innocent and ſweetly, O
The blinking hag, our ſports betray'd,
And beat my love completely, O.

If by the door I paſs by chance,
She darena trow ſhe ſees me, O.
A curſe, a frown a ſcornfu' glance,
The wither'd carline gies me O;

O, wad the Heavens be ſae kind;
As lift her frae the warld, O,
Nae mortal's bliſs could equal mine
I'd be the happieſt carl, O

But I'll content myſelf with hope,
And expectations canty, O
And when ſhe's laid beneath the turf,
I'll kiſs her bairn ſae dainty, O

FINIS.